

Crawford Avalanche

O. PALMER,

JUSTICE AND RIGHT.

Publisher and Proprietor

VOLUME XXXI.

GRAYLING, MICHIGAN, FEBRUARY 25, 1909.

NUMBER 16.

THE SORROW
THAT MENACED
DIAMONDVILLE

The council of the little town of Diamondville was in session.

Diamondville was peculiar in one respect—it was composed exclusively either of millionaires or of those who were independently well off.

Suddenly there was a sensation. The door opened and a man came in. His name was Jeplet, and he was the only poor man in town.

There was an awkward pause. The mayor twiddled nervously in his seat. The town clerk—who owned three railroads—looked anxiously toward the newcomer. Everybody was uneasy.

"Well, Mr. Jeplet," said the mayor, "what can we do for you? I hope that you had a pleasant Christmas. I understand that your children fared pretty well?"

Jeplet himself was plainly uneasy. "Yes," he said, "thank you. All went well. Nevertheless, I am determined to leave you."

Every face in the room blanched. Magnate Smith, one of the leading men of the place, and noted throughout the nation for his philanthropy, sprang to his feet.

"Can it be possible, Jeplet," he exclaimed, "that you are going to treat us with such ingratitude?"

"Sorry, sir, but—"

Magnate Smith fixed him with his eyes.

"Let us understand each other, Jeplet," he said. "As you know, you are the only poor family in our pleasant and attractive little borough. For years you have gone on having children with absolutely no means of supporting them. You have been dependent upon the charity of others, and you have been practically the only means by which we could display our own charitable tendencies."

"Our ladies have come to rely upon you, Jeplet, to vent their higher impulses. When things were dull in the Woman's club, and the Old Masters had been disposed of temporarily, or the suffrage question lulled to sleep, they have filled in the time by making a personal visit to Mrs. Jeplet and getting up subscriptions of old clothes for your children. What would we have done without you at Christmas, Jeplet? Why, for some years now, as I gathered my boy around me, I have been enabled to say to him:

"Just think, Robert, of the poor little Jeplet children who shiver in their miserable hovel, while you are surrounded with luxury. But how can I say that now, Jeplet, if you are going away? You mustn't leave us in the lurch like this."

He sat down amid subdued applause. The mayor spoke.

"Citizens," he said, "we are indeed confronted by a crisis in our affairs. How can we go on enjoying ourselves without some poor family to cater to?"

And who can take the place of the Jeplets? They were so absolutely worthless and offered so many outlets for our activities that their loss will be irreparable. Why, as I look at Jeplet now my heart swells to think that he is wearing my clothes. Jeplet, you mustn't go! We cannot do without you!"

Jeplet shifted uneasily.

"I'm awful sorry, your honor," he said, "but I don't see no way out of it."

"Is there anything that you need?" asked the mayor, "anything that any of us may have forgotten? Haven't all of our children visited you regularly? Just mention anything that you may want and I am sure—"

A confused murmur of abject willingness on the part of every one was now heard.

Jeplet, under this pressure, was plainly uncomfortable. He looked around, and as he saw the anxious faces tears filled his eyes.

"Well," he said at last, "I suppose if you feel that way I shall have to stay, but would you mind letting me off for a summer?"

"Certainly not," said the mayor. "May we inquire where you are going?"

Jeplet smiled faintly.

"You see," he answered, "you have been so good to me all these years that I am pretty well off myself, and I thought if you didn't mind I'd like to get a little vacation and take my family to Europe."

Relics Lost to Germany.

The art-loving public of Germany astounded a heavy blow," says the Morsoff Post, Berlin, "when the wonderful Marfels collection of watches, including unique specimens of the seventeenth century and enamels of beautiful design, acquired after many years and at a great cost, was purchased by an art dealer in Paris. The collection contains many specimens which cannot be found in any German museum, and it is to be hoped that the fate of these valuable trinkets will not be like that which of late has overtaken so many art treasures, that they have been to the new world and become lost forever to Europe."

Men and Dress.

There is no doubt that a natural taste for "follies" is inherent in both man and woman. The best of men succumb to it, and all but the most pious of women. After all, it was man who first discovered the possibilities of dress. It was no who started the fashion of gay and gorgeous raiment, and he only gave it up when he found he could no longer compete with woman, once she had taken to imitating him.

REALLY A LITTLE IMPULSIVE.

New Boarder Might Have Waited Until He Got Acquainted.

When the new boarder went into the dining room and sat down there was only one other person at the table. The new boarder had a kind heart and thought he would be affable.

"I suppose you've boarded here for some time?" he said to the other man.

"Yes. Quite a while."

"How is it? Any good?"

"Yes, pretty fair. I have no complaints to make."

"Landlady treat you decent?"

"Well, perhaps I ought to—" and then he hesitated.

"Oh, never mind, old man," said the new boarder. "That's all right. I'm on. But, say, mobby never tried chucking her under the chin once in a while. That's the way to get on with 'em. I never had a landlady that didn't treat me A1 yet. It's all in the way you handle 'em. Call 'em 'sister' and give 'em soft, sweet, cozy talk about their looks. That's the way to fetch 'em. I'll bet I can live here for a month right now without being asked for a cent. Watch me rudge her when she comes in. Before this time to-morrow she'll be telling me her family history. Poor old girl! She looks as if she'd had her troubles. Probably got tied up to some John Henry, who was about man enough to shoo chickens out of the yard, and that's all. My name's Smith. Let's see, I haven't heard yours have it?"

"No—no, I believe not. But it doesn't matter. I'm just the landlady's husband."

AS IN HIS CHILDHOOD DAYS.

Probably Many Years Since Bishop Had Seen So Tenderly Cared For.

At an unusually large dinner-party, where the guest of honor was an English bishop, the butler, an elderly man, was obliged to bring in from a friend's house an inexperienced lad to help him in the dining-room. The awkward helper annoyed the butler beyond endurance with questions as to his duties.

He continued interminably until the butler, worn out and nervous, said ironically:

"All you will need to do is to stand behind the bishop's chair, and whenever his lordship puts down his glass you must reach over and wipe his mouth with a napkin."

That silenced his assistant. But the young man actually took the order seriously, and as soon as dinner began he stationed himself behind the bishop, waited till his lordship had drunk and put down his glass, and then, after deliberately as his nervousness would permit, he opened out a large napkin and wiped the dignified old gentleman's mouth!—Ladies' Home Journal.

Charm of the American Girl.

Here, girls, listen to what London Society says of you! "The charm of the American girl lies in her beauty and social talents. She is an ideal partner to dance with, to take in to dinner or to sit out a picnic with, and she usually makes an active and successful hostess. But when her husband discovers that she is never happy except when going to parties, is bored in the country unless with a household of guests, and is always craving to tear from one fashionable resort to another—no rest, no peace—it is then that trouble comes in." Much London Society knows about it, eh? Granted you are an ideal dancer, a beauty and a charming dinner companion, did you ever sit out a picnic? Blonies are believed to be obsolete, as far as the type of girl referred to here is concerned.

An Epistolary Hint.

In the letter from Boston was a special delivery stamp.

"What did she send that for?" the woman wondered. "The information she wants can be sent in an ordinary letter. It won't need to be sent special."

"That stamp," said the man, "is a delicate hint to be quick about answering. It is a hurry-up device used by many men. It is very effective. A two-cent stamp does not always spur one to any special effort, but a special delivery stamp means that the writer wants what he wants when he wants it, and the most dilatory correspondence is not going to let any grass grow between the scratches of his pen when answering."

Specialty of Blind Physician.

There is at least one physician in New York who manages to do excellent work and maintain himself well without the use of his eyes. He is totally blind.

He has chosen for his specialty diseases of the chest, into which of course the best eyes in the world couldn't see. One of the compensations of nature has given him unusually acute hearing, which is especially valuable in his practice. His ears can find out more about the lungs of his patients than those of most seeing men.

Maturity of Men and Women.

It is supposed that a man reaches the maturity of his reasoning powers and mental faculties at the age of 28, while a woman is mature in mind at 18. This brings a man to the pleasant and satisfying conclusion that the nobler and more perfect and splendid a state is, the slower it is to arrive at a state of maturity. Women may reply that brain matter has no sex and that girls, being brighter, find their own worth, sooner. However, every woman, old or young, must acknowledge the splendor and nobility of the male character under all circumstances and conditions.

Temperature.

The typhoid fever patient was looking very much disgusted with the world when the doctor arrived to pay his regular morning visit. He was convalescent, but didn't feel that way. "Well," said the doctor cheerfully, pulling off his gloves, "how is he today?"

"Oh, he's getting along nicely," said the patient's wife. "He is all right now except his temperature."

"Huh!" counted the patient bitterly. "Hell's all right, too, except the temperature."

URGES USE OF BROWN BREAD.

Convincing Arguments Made by English Food Reform League.

A plea for the use of wholemeal bread, especially by those who have the care of children, is made in an substantially signed circular issued by the Bread and Food Reform League of Great Britain.

It is shown from official documents that the annual consumption per head in the United Kingdom of corn, wheat, meal, and flour is nearly 35 pounds, and that in working-class families, with incomes ranging from 21s to 52s a week, two-fifths of the weight of food consumed consists of bread and flour.

Bread, it is pointed out, is almost the sole diet of numbers of poor children. "Owing to the present great distress and general shrinkage of incomes," it is stated, "a supply of nourishing bread is of vital national importance. Chemistry proves that the whole of the wheat grain contains more nutrient than the part usually made into fine white flour."

Experiments in Germany are quoted which show that from finely ground wheat meal the body assimilates two and a half times more of the mineral substances which form bones and teeth and which nourish the brain, nerves and tissues, than from fine white flour."

ALMOST DESERVED TO ESCAPE.

Truant's Quick Grasp of Opportunity Compels Admiration.

The absent-minded professor returned home one night to learn that his son had played truant from school, and he was asked by his wife to hunt up the missing youngster and administer a sound thrashing.

"Why, I'll fly him alive!" exclaimed the angry father. "I'll break every bone in his body! Just wait until I get him out in the woodshed!"

He came across his boy playing marbles about a mile from home, but the boy didn't seem to be a bit alarmed by the old man's threats. As they started to return home the absent-minded professor stopped to chat with an old acquaintance, and it was fifteen or twenty minutes later when he looked down in wonder at the boy at his side and asked:

"Why, where did you come from, Jack?"

"Don't you remember, father?" smiled the boy, we are on our way to buy me a box of candy, because of my excellent school report."

"Bless me, but so we are," agreed the absent-minded professor, as he patted the boy on the back and started for the store.

The Courage of Opinions.

The ways in which people form their opinions are most remarkable. Every man, when he begins his reasonable life, finds certain general opinions current in the world. He is shaped by these opinions in one way or another, either directly or by reaction.

If he is soft and plastic, like the majority of people, he takes the opinions that are about him for his own. If he is self-assertive and defiant, he takes the opposite of these opinions and gives them to himself.

In order to think at all most men make use of images, though they may be of different kinds. Thus, one man when he thinks of "Italy" sees just the printed word; another sees the country's outline on a map; another may see the country spread out before him, with its villages and towns smouldering in the plains. Psychologists are beginning to classify the different aids or images of which men make use. Some, for example, hear the words of their thought within themselves; others read them, as if the words were written generally in black on a white ground.

Seeing and Thinking.

Most people see an object when they think of it. They can see before their eyes a geometrical drawing or the figures on a chessboard when they think of them. In order to think at all most men make use of images, though they may be of different kinds. Thus, one man when he thinks of "Italy" sees just the printed word; another sees the country's outline on a map; another may see the country spread out before him, with its villages and towns smouldering in the plains. Psychologists are beginning to classify the different aids or images of which men make use. Some, for example, hear the words of their thought within themselves; others read them, as if the words were written generally in black on a white ground.

Costs Less to Feed Women.

In a small Philadelphia restaurant that caters to persons on economy but the bill of fare is headed by this notice: "Regular Men, 25 cents; women, 15 cents." "How is this?" asked a chance customer belonging to the sex most heavily taxed.

"You charge us fellows ten cents more than you do the women. If we are discriminated against!" "You eat more," was the plain rejoinder. "It doesn't cost nearly as much to feed women as men, but we are the first concern in this part of town when they think of them.

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The Queen of S—.

A correspondent sends an amusing story of a visit which the archbishop of Canterbury recently paid to a certain Sunday school. For a few minutes Dr. Davidson took in hand a class of small girls who were going to hear the story of Solomon. "Now," he asked, "who was the great queen who traveled so many miles and miles to see the king?" No one answered. "Why, you all know. The queen who came to see the king!" Still no one seemed to remember. "You know, I am sure," persisted Dr. Davidson. "The name begins with S; and she was a very great queen." Just then a little hand shot up, and a shrill voice cried: "Please, I know, the Queen of Spades." M. A. P.

Oriental Philosophy.

It is good for our arrogant western spirit to meet the calm, if somewhat backward, philosophy of the orient. When the motor cars which raced from New York to Paris went through China, the Chinese were not alarmed or excited. A mandarin blandly explained it thus: "There is nothing extraordinary in the motor car. There is nothing extraordinary in anything. Men invented it yesterday. They will invent something else to-morrow. Still the world goes round, and we are not an atom the wiser."

"Mother, I wouldn't cry here," whispered the daughter significantly, accenting the last word.

"Let me alone," replied the other hysterically. "If a thing is sad, it's sad; I can't cry according to price."

Life.

Warning to Householders.

The frank statement of a burglar who was "caught with the goods" after a good description of him had been obtained from a pawnbroker, should serve as a warning to careless occupiers of houses, says the Albany Journal. This candid housebreaker unbuttoned himself as follows:

"It is easy to rob houses. In my two-month's experience I have had to break into only one of the nine houses I have robbed, the others all being easy by reason of unlocked windows."

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THOUGHTS OF THE OLD HOME.

When All Else is Forgotten, Those Linger in the Memory.

You can't forget, no matter how hard you may try, for your old home, the one you first knew, is so deeply impressed upon your mind that all the glories, the riches and the blandishments of modern times cannot blot the picture out, and in spite of all you go back to it by the memory route, and linger there, often, and more often as the years gather around you.

That is why you like to read of the old days, even though you would not have them return.

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GRAYLING, MICHIGAN.

SUMMARY OF THE MOST IMPORTANT NEWS.

Sunday. Sixteen battle ships arrived at home again after their globe-circling cruise.

President Roosevelt, replying to the Senate committee's report on secret service, said it is false.

Otto S. A. Sprague, one of the founders of Sprague, Warner & Co., of Chicago, died in Pasadena, Cal.

Stewart Douglas Robinson, nephew of President Roosevelt and a sophomore at Harvard, fell from a sixth story window to his death.

Isham Randolph, who viewed Panama Canal with Taft, predicted as an engineer that the work will be done by Jan. 1, 1914, one year ahead of schedule.

A series of riots and street battles resulted from an attempt of a mob in South Omaha, Neb., to drive the Greeks from the town. Many persons were wounded and houses and stores looted and wrecked.

Monday.

Three hundred persons were burned to death in a theater at Acapulco, Mexico; several Americans were among the victims.

Attorney General Major of Missouri demanded that the Water-Pierce Company be ousted from the State, following the payment of the \$50,000 fine imposed upon the concern.

Tuesday.

National convention for a tariff commission met in Indianapolis.

William Gage, a tramp, confessed the murder of Ella Schrader, whom he attacked near Gary, Ind. Other girls identified him as assailant.

The United States Senate cut the size of the proposed battle ships from 20,000 to 21,000 tons; the amendment calls for half of navy on Pacific coast.

The widow of former Senator Carnack was the first witness at the trial in Nashville of the three men accused of his murder. A woman who witnessed the tragedy described the scene.

A man with a dynamite bomb attempted to extort \$7,000 from Lawrence M. Jones of Kansas City and was overpowered by a ruse. He confessed a plot, and vacant house and chains intended to imprison his victim pending escape were found.

Wednesday.

President-elect Taft has declined to call Congress to meet in special session on March 14.

The Federal grand jury in Washington indicted the owners of the New York World and Indianapolis News for libel.

President Roosevelt in a message submitted engineers' report to Congress said lock type must be adhered to in Panama canal.

The tariff conference at Indianapolis adopted resolutions demanding of Congress the immediate creation of a permanent tariff commission, but opposed delay of the present plans for revision, urging the framing of new schedules quickly as possible.

Thursday.

President Roosevelt urged world wide cooperation in conservation of resources.

Congressman Hepburn of Iowa, leaving the House, demanded new rules in farewell speech.

W. H. Taft, President-elect, was made a Mason in Cincinnati lodge to which his father belonged.

Senator La Follette roused the wrath of Senator Penrose by charge of trickery in managing important legislation—and a hot colloquy ensued.

A correspondent says the Taft program calls for the passage of the tariff revision bill and adjournment of the extra session of Congress by June 1.

The National tariff commission convention at Indianapolis adjourned and delegates are hopeful of seeing their plans adopted at no distant date; J. W. Van Cleave was chosen permanent chairman.

Friday.

"Skinny" Madden and his first lieutenant, M. J. Royle, were indicted in Chicago for conspiracy to extort money.

Former Judge Abner Smith and G. F. Soror of Chicago must go to prison for bank wrecking; the Supreme Court decided.

Mrs. V. C. Book Fanner, accused by and accused of Rev. Perley Powers in Chicago, died as the result of the poison she took with suicidal intent.

The will of millionaire Thomas Snell of Clinton was upheld by the Illinois Supreme Court, it being held that moral delinquencies do not necessarily affect a man's ability to make a will.

Municipal Judge Cleland's parole system in Chicago was ended by his transfer after a heated meeting of municipal judges in which he and Chief Justice Olson engaged in a bitter encounter.

The United States Steel Corporation and subsidiary companies at a meeting in New York declared war on independent who cut rates and announced an intention to do business in an open market as "modified prices."

Saturday.

Carroll D. Wright, president of Clark College and former Commissioner of Labor, died at the age of 60 years.

Boxing bouts at the Algonquin Club in Chicago resulted in a sensational raid in which one of the spectators of the bouts was injured, probably fatally.

Mrs. Ida Cooper, bride of three days and in terror of death since the wedding ceremony, was murdered in Chicago, the police declare, by a discarded suitor.

NUBBINS OF NEWS.

Desota Wells, a summer resort near Kelly, Miss., was destroyed by fire at Charlottesville, Va., the chief losers being the Charlottesville Hardware Company, Gilmore Furniture Company, J. B. and W. H. Wood, clothiers, and James H. Waddell, shoe dealer.

The grain store of E. A. Cowes and the plant of the Webb Granite and Construction Co., in the northern part of Worcester, Mass., burned. Loss, \$125,000.

With the discovery of a skeleton at Franklin, Pa., the authorities renewed their efforts to unravel the murder of City Treasurer John Foyles of New Castle, Pa., ten years ago.

Heirs of former owners of property in Detroit valued at \$6,000,000 have petitioned the federal court to have Bishop Foley of the Catholic diocese give an accounting. They challenge the deal transferring the property.

GERONIMO NOW GOOD INDIAN.

Famous Apache Chief Dies After Years as Prisoner of War.

Geronimo, the Apache Indian chief, died Wednesday at Fort Sill, where he had been confined as a prisoner of war for twenty-two years. His death, which followed a two days' illness from pneumonia, occurred in the post hospital. Geronimo was buried in the Indian cemetery near the fort Thursday. The funeral was conducted by Christian missionaries, the deceased having professed religion three years ago. At the time of his death Geronimo was 80 years old. One daughter, Lola, who lives in Oklahoma, survives the aged warrior.

The career of Geronimo was the bloodiest chapter of the long warfare of the reds and whites for the mastery of the great southwest. It began with the massacre of a party of his tribe who had gone into Mexico to trade in 1858, and continued until 1887.

At the time of the massacre in Mexico Geronimo was 27 years old. Geronimo escaped and began a war on the whites that made his name feared throughout the southwest for twenty-nine years. He often boasted that he personally killed hundreds of white men and women.

All this time the United States soldiers, under command of General Crook, acknowledged prince of Indian fighters, had been fighting and pursuing the Indians whenever they entered the land north of the Rio Grande. Crook, wearied with years of incessant fighting, suddenly developed a lack of initiative, and at his own request he was relieved of the command of the department and replaced by General Miles. Then began the inglorious pursuit of two years, which resulted in the capture of the chieftain.

Since he had been confined at Fort Sill, Geronimo had made many attempts to gain his liberty. Early in 1908 he made a trip to Washington with a number of his followers in an effort to interest President Roosevelt in his case. The old Indian was unsuccessful, however, and to the last Geronimo had been full of bitter hatred for the white man.

WOMAN BOUND TO BATH TUB.

Chicago Police Are Mystified by Strange Adventure.

The Chicago police are trying to unravel the mystery that surrounds the finding of Miss Eli Gingles, 10, unconscious and bleeding in a bath tub at the Wellington Hotel in that city. The girl's hands and legs were tightly bound to the tub and a rag was in her mouth. She was suffering from laudanum from a bottle that lay on the floor, and had been attacked before being bound.

She was found after police had been told of a note sent to her roommate, which said she expected to be killed at the hotel. The note apparently had been mailed before the hour at which Miss Gingles said she was taken to the hotel by a strange man and woman, who threw pepper into her eyes and hurried her away in the tub. The girl said she wrote the note while her captors were absent from her room. She made no attempt to attract help by screaming or by using the phone in the phone.

Big Field Is Open.

Asserting that if the United States is to develop her trade with the twenty Latin-American republics in the western hemisphere, John Barrett, director of the International Bureau of American Republics, in an address before the convention urged that most careful considerations be given tariff relations.

"Equally important with the improvement of steamship facilities, the establishment of banks backed by United States capital and the thorough, legitimate exploitation of the markets of South America by responsible agents of American manufacturers," said Mr. Barrett, "is the need of framing our tariff with some reference to the interests of our sister republics.

"In other words, if the United States expects these twenty growing, resourceful and ambitious countries to purchase our manufactured products in greater volume we must in turn give them an opportunity to sell within our limits their natural products in larger quantities."

He said that the undeniable importance of the Latin American field of trade was proved by the fact that in the year 1908 these twenty countries conducted with the outside world a commerce valued at \$2,000,000,000, an increase of \$1,000,000,000 in ten years, or an average of \$100,000,000 per annum.

"The share of the United States in this total," he declared, "does not exceed \$500,000,000, including both exports and imports, and the balance of trade is overwhelmingly in favor of Latin America."

Trouble over boundary lines on adjacent ranches resulted in the killing of two men by Francisco Martinez. The trouble occurred near the town of Cuernavaca in the Velardeña mining district.

President Gomes has issued a decree declaring void the existing monopoly for the manufacture of cigarettes in Venezuela and permitting every one to import tobacco and manufacture it. He declared further that Venezuela planters were free to raise and prepare their own tobacco.

The United States Steel Corporation and subsidiary companies at a meeting in New York declared war on independent who cut rates and announced an intention to do business in an open market as "modified prices."

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PERMANENT TARIFF BOARD IS FAVORED

Sentiment at Indianapolis Convention Unanimous for Commission Plan.

CAMPAIGN IS TO BE KEPT UP.

Before Final Adjournment J. W. Van Cleave Is Put at Head of Permanent Organization.

The national tariff commission convention came to an end in Indianapolis Thursday and its officials and delegates, before their departure, expressed confidence that its work would soon be perpetuated in the form of a permanent tariff commission, toward the attainment of which their labors have been directed.

The convention was small in numbers, but large in enthusiasm. Its delegates represented great commercial, agricultural and civic bodies and many were United States Senators, Congressmen or national and state officials.

James W. Van Cleave, chosen as its permanent chairman, had behind him scores of members of the National Association of Manufacturers, and from the platform on the last day Thad Snow, who declared himself "just a plain, unattached farmer of Indiana," joined with his predecessors in what had been a remarkable unanimity of expression from various sections, professions and occupations for the establishment by Congress of a permanent scientific and non-partisan tariff commission.

During the session hundreds of messages of congratulation and encouragement were received. The messages bore the names of many great manufacturing firms and business houses. None came from Andrew Carnegie, although the Pittsburgh ironmaster had previously expressed his approval of the platform.

Before the final stroke of Chairman Van Cleave's gavel each delegate pledged himself to continue in his home territory the work for which the convention was called.

The permanent committee of 100, of which J. W. Van Cleave is chairman, will give the widest possible distribution to the records of the convention proceedings and carry on the work of agitating for the creation of a permanent tariff commission. The chairman of the permanent committee of the convention selected by Chairman Van Cleave are H. E. Miles of Racine, Wis., of the Executive Committee, and John Herbert, Jr., of Dayton, Ohio, of the Finance Committee.

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The permanent committee of 100, of which J. W. Van Cleave is chairman, will give the widest possible distribution to the records of the convention proceedings and carry on the work of agitating for the creation of a permanent tariff commission. The chairman of the permanent committee of the convention selected by Chairman Van Cleave are H. E. Miles of Racine, Wis., of the Executive Committee, and John Herbert, Jr., of Dayton, Ohio, of the Finance Committee.

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Please make a more efficient hog feed than does barley, but because of the greater cost of the peat, the barley makes a more economical ration. A ration of grain, with skim milk as a supplemental food, when fed to hogs gave: First, the most rapid gains, and, second, the most economical gains, but took second place to tankage as an efficient ration. A ration of grain with tankage as a supplemental food came second in rate of gain, but first in efficiency of ration. Because of the high cost of the tankage, it makes an expensive ration when fed in the proportions given in these tests. It costs a supplemental food also make a valuable addition to the ration, coming next in value to skim milk and tankage. Clover or alfalfa fed as hogs will eat it, together with a grain ration, improves materially the rapidity of the gain and the economy of the feeding.

In these tests the hogs fed grain alone, made economic gains, but the lowest daily gains and on the average the most expensive gains were made on such a ration. Hogs fed a half grain ration on clover and alfalfa pasture made, in proportion to the grain fed, much faster gains and more economic gains than those fed a full grain ration. The central thought in these tests is that some supplemental food is necessary in feeding a grain ration to hogs if the most rapid and economic gains are to be had. For conditions in Montana the value of the supplemental food is: First, skim milk; second, roots; third, tankage; fourth, pasture; fifth, clover and alfalfa.

Deep or Shallow Plowing.

In regard to the question of deep or shallow plowing, according to W. L. Gilbert, of a Canadian experiment station, it is essential to discriminate clearly between deep plowing and deep stirring. There is a vital difference between the two; so much so that, whereas perhaps not one farmer in a hundred could from his practical experience urge the adoption of the former, there must be very few who could not conscientiously speak favorably of the beneficial influences of the latter.

Much, of course, depends upon the nature of the land, and particularly of the subsoil, but the stirring of the latter to a depth of even two inches or three inches below the ordinary furrow can scarcely fail to have a useful effect in promoting the prosperity of the succeeding crops, for the reason that the plant roots to extend over a large area require less exertion in search of nutriment and moisture.

Obviously it must be a very friable subsoil that would not derive benefit from deep stirring at occasional intervals. The objection to deep plowing, on the other hand, is that instead of loosening the subsoil and leaving it where it was it brings it to the surface and involves the burying of the more fertile top soil to a depth at which the nutriment it contains is available to the plants only after they may be said to have emerged from the delicate and precarious stages of development.

The new soil that is brought to the top would, in the course of time, no doubt, become as mellow in texture and as rich in elements of plant food as that which it has displaced, but a certain period must elapse before this can be accomplished.

In the meantime, the farmer brings this hungry soil to the surface and incurs the risk of reaping inferior crops until by heavy expenditure in tillage and liberal manuring he has enriched and refined the new surface soil.

Deep plowing, therefore, is, in average cases to be avoided for the two-fold reason that it involves diminished yields and increased expenditure to the farmer for at least one rotation.

Scientifically as well as practically the bringing up of the subsoil to the surface is disadvantageous. As is now generally known, the fertility and yielding properties of a soil are largely regulated by the action of useful bacteria therewith.

But for the presence and activity of the various micro-organisms in the land crop production would be unprofitable, if not impossible, and consequently bacterial life may be said to constitute the very essence of fertility. Having regard to this fact, it is necessary to consider the conditions that are most conducive to bacterial activity.

Numerous searching investigations have shown that the fertilizing bacteria are much more plentiful in the surface of the more highly cultivated soil than in the lower strata. Therefore, the importance of retarding the soil that teems with bacterial life on the surface is evident and indisputable.

If this soil, in which the beneficial micro-organisms are constantly fulfilling their indispensable functions, is buried below soil in which bacteria are comparatively scarce it is clear that unfortunate consequences must result.

In setting these plants in the field, they are laid in shallow furrows, tops away from the prevailing winds; a little soil is drawn over the roots, a foot pressed on the spot, while the rest of the stem is covered, all but three or four inches of the top, which is turned upward. The footprint is left open to receive a pint of water, which later is covered to prevent evaporation. Thus treated they scarcely droop and soon the whole stem, underground, is covered with rootlets, resulting in a vigorous growth.

The difference between one man and another is not so much in talent as in energy.—Arnold.

Nothing, however, would be gained

by bedding or sowing sweet potatoes, egg-plant or even peppers, before the 1st of April. Neither is anything gained by planting these in the open ground much before June.

Fig-Feeding Experiments.

The Mountain Experiment Station issues bulletin No. 73, under the above title. The summary of the work reported, is as follows:

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While a final decision as to the proposed customs tax on coffee has not been reached, the committee undoubtedly will recommend a customs duty of 3 cents a pound on that commodity. Such a rate, it is estimated, would bring into the treasury an additional \$22,000,000 a year. Then there is tea, which has not been taxed at the customs houses of the United States for many years.

While the members of the committee do not say so, it is known that in many instances the tariff is to be revised downward, and such revision, according to estimates that have been made, will result in numerous instances in increased revenues.

UNCLE SAM AT ENEMY'S MERCY

General Staff of Army Sounds Warning About California Coast.

That the harbor of San Pedro, Cal., should be fortified without delay, is the gist of a report of the general staff of the army made to the secretary of war. The report of the general staff discusses the unprotected condition of the entire southern California district. The country is vastly rich, and San Pedro would be an advantageous point for an enemy to land a force which could hold its position indefinitely. "A certain oriental power" is the way the report talks of the possible enemy that might land at San Pedro. The seizure of San Pedro would follow after Pearl Harbor. Half-bad would be occupied by the enemy, for the sake of the argument it being assumed that the Americans would have no naval force in Pacific waters strong enough to prevent the enemy's

success.

BOY TAKEN FROM MOTHER.

Bones Are Like Chalk and Break Whenever He Falls.

Possessing limbs almost as brittle as chalk, Joseph Hurley, aged 15 years, of Pottsville, Pa., who puzzles physicians as to how he survives his many accidents again the other day, fracturing his right thigh bone. Within three years he has had his legs broken no less than a dozen times, the slight accidents resulting in fractures. Hurley spends more time in the local hospital than out of it, and his friends say he has the fracture habit.

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Crawford Avalanche.

GRAYLING, THURSDAY, FEB. 25

Local and Neighborhood News.

Take Notice.

The date following your address on this paper shows to what time our subscription is paid. Our terms are \$1.50 per year IN ADVANCE. If your time is up, please renew promptly. A X following your name means we want our money.

All advertisements, communications, correspondence, etc., must reach us by Tuesday noon, and can not be considered later.

For Clean coal go to Bates.

Mrs. Frances Weinberg is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. Kraus.

Just received a car of the Famous Hocking Valley Coal. H. BATES.

The Presbyterian Sunday School will meet hereafter, for some time at least, at 11:45 a. m. instead of at 12 m.

S. H. Co., will fill your coal bin, if you leave your order at their store. It will pay you to order now.

Mrs. Fleming entertained her Sunday school class last Friday evening at her home on Chestnut street.

For sewing machines, the best in the market, and at the lowest price call at the AVAHLANCE office.

A house to rent. Suitable for one or two families. Enquire at the Avalanche office.

Bates can show you more grades of soft coal than all other dealers combined. Come and see.

Born—Monday, February 22, to Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Hathaway, a 7½ pound son. "George Washington Jr."

Leave your orders for coal at S. H. Co.'s, store. Prices as low as anybody's.

Go to Lewis & Co's Drug Store for a nice large box of linen stationary only 35c per box.

The Ladies' Union of the Presbyterian church will hold their annual fair in the basement of Grayling Opera House, April 7th and 8th.

Leave your order for fresh FISH with V. Sorenson. Dressed and delivered 10 cents per lb.

Miss Josie Goudrow left Monday for Cassopolis, Ill., to work for Mrs. Osborne, who will establish a millinery store at that place.

Mrs. C. W. Amidon has been visiting at Detroit, Adrian, Toledo and Flint since last Saturday. She is expected home tomorrow.

Now is the time to have your Edison Phonograph equipped with an attachment to play the new four minute Amberol records. Ask Hathaway about them.

The Ladies Union will meet with Mrs. Will Havens, Friday Feb. 26th. Come prepared to sew. All ladies of the congregation invited.

Aprons, gingham petticoats, sick jackets, tea jackets, childrens skirts, night shirts, night gowns and numerous other useful articles to be found at the fair.

A silk umbrella was left somewhere in the village, about four weeks ago. On the handle is engraved A. B. Finder please inform A. P. W. Becker.

That all the homestead lands in Michigan have been withdrawn from the market has been announced by State Land Commissioner Huntley Russell. The lands will be kept out until they have been reappraised, as per the recent resolution of the lower house.

The genuine St. Charles Coal is the brightest and best for sale only by H. Bates. "This is not the just as good" or the genuine as any, but is the genuine article. Call and see the difference.

A reward of \$10.00 is offered for evidence to convict any person or persons, who turns in a false alarm of fire from any alarm box in this village.

JOHN HUM, President.

Lost—Between the depot and A. B. Failling's residence, a ladies watch box, with gold stone set. The finder will please leave it at this office or with Miss Alma Peek.

For Sale—A two-year old colt (grade Percheron), 2 good cows and a small flock of Buff Plymouth Rock cockerels, address, Hugo Schreiber, Pere Cheney, Mich.

A Minnesota newspaper advertised for a girl last week and his wife brought the editor of that newspaper twins. Of course it pays to advertise.

The Sunday evening service at the Presbyterian church will be as announced. "Sacred Songs in the Civil War." This will consist of incidents concerning the power of sacred songs in Camp and Field. The veterans of the war times in Grayling will doubtless be reminded of some army experiences. They are especially invited with everybody else.

Order your trees, shrubs, plants, roses, etc. now before the nurseries have sold the choice varieties. If you want prices, terms, terms to agents, etc. write the McCormick Nursey Co., Monroe, Mich., who have a complete line. They are introducing the famous Baby Rambler rose, something new in the way of a dwarf Crimson Rambler, in this state, and are meeting with great success as this rose is a perpetual bloomer suitable for house culture.

Rishop Williams at Grayling.

The Right Rev. Charles D. Williams, Bishop of the diocese of Michigan, made a visit to Grayling, accompanied by the Rev. A. R. Mitchell of West Branch, on Monday February 22nd, and conducted a very interesting class and preached a powerful sermon. It was most pleasing to see the Christian brethren of the other churches so well disposed and so courteous in their reception of the Bishop. The Ladies of the Episcopal Guild prepared a very dainty repast at the hospitable residence of Mr. and Mrs. Bingham which was much appreciated by the Bishop, the clergyman in charge, and the brethren of other Christian bodies who were there.

The service in the evening was most satisfying in every particular. The episcopalians are deeply indebted to those ladies and gentlemen who assisted so efficiently in the choir.

Very special mention should be made of the Rev. Mr. Kjelhede and the members of the Unian church for giving us the use of their beautiful and well appointed edifice, and for showing such marked attention to the Bishop. Neither do we forget the great care bestowed by the two gentlemen who had care of the church. The altar, adorned with its lights and flowers added greatly to the dignity and appropriateness of the occasion.

REV. A. R. MITCHELL,
Priest in charge of the mission.

For Sale—A new milch cow. Address Ph. Moshier.

Read Simpson's new ad and settle the "Bread Question."

V. Salling and family are enjoying a visit from his cousin, Mr. N. Lindholm of New York.

The Rev. A. R. Mitchell will hold service in Grayling again on Tuesday March the 2nd, at 7:30 p. m.

Don't forget the game of Basket Ball tomorrow evening at the Temple Theater, between the All City team and the Grayling High School team.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Joseph of the Grayling Mercantile Co., are spending two weeks in New York selecting an up-to-date Spring and Summer stock.

The Washington supper given by the Elworth League of the M. E. Church Monday, was a grand success, and the members extend their thanks to the people who assisted them in their work.

The Grayling High School girl team received defeat here Monday night at the hands of the Mackinaw High to the tune of 33-10. A dance was given after the game, Mr. S. Phelps and Miss Gladys Hadley rendering the music.

Episcopal church service at the G. A. R. Hall Tuesday evening March 2 at 7:30. This service is held regularly the first week of each month, and all who are interested in the Episcopal church are especially invited. Visitors cordially welcomed at all services.

The ladies of Grayling will be pleased to know that Mrs. J. E. Crowley has decided to introduce a choice stock of millinery, which will be displayed at her parlors, corner of Chestnut and Ottawa streets as soon as she returns from the east, where she is now looking after the styles and stock. Full notice will be given on its arrival, and her friends will then be welcomed to call and examine the newest creations.

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The B. M. C. & E. B. Medical Society Meeting.

The regular meeting of the Medical Society, which includes the counties of Otsego, Montmorency, Crawford, Oscoda, Roscommon and Ogemaw, was held in this village, at the Club Rooms, last week Wednesday afternoon. Ogemaw was represented by Dr. Pettie, Roscommon by Drs. Curnelia and Robert; Montmorency by Dr. Mackinon, Otsego by Dr. Harris, and Crawford by Dr. Insley, Merriman and Tomlinson.

After the conclusion of the usual routine business, President Curnelia introduced Prof. Andrew P. Biddle, a noted Specialist of Detroit, who favored the society with a very interesting and instructive paper on specific diseases of the skin.

The visitors were entertained by the local profession for supper at the social given by the Ladies of the Catholic Church Society, followed by the theater and a midnight lunch at the home of Dr. Merriman.

It was reported as one of their most pleasant meetings from start to finish.

Stereoptican Entertainment.

Remember the high School Stereoptican entertainment at the High School Thursday, Feb. 25th, showing "The American Navy," the record cruise around the world. A good program and high class entertainment throughout.

PROGRAM.

Instrumental Solo.....Anna Jenson.
Violin Solo.....Agnes Hanson.
Instrumental Duet.....Elizabeth Langvin, Laura Munro.

Instrumental Solo.....Leah Clark.
Song.....Quartette.

Violin Solo.....J. E. Bradley.
Vocal Solo.....Iva Heelop.
Song.....Quartette.

The program begins promptly at 7:30.

Card of Thanks.

We desire to express our most sincere thanks to our neighbors, and the many friend who so kindly assisted us in caring for our father Fred Hoell in his last days, and at the final obsequies, which were conducted by the masonic fraternity, of which he was a member, and who furnished a wealth of floral tribute in memory of their departed brother.

DANIEL HOESLI
CHRISTOPHER HOESLI
DORA HOESLI
MRS. JOHN ANDERSON

Registration Notice.

To the electors of the village of Grayling, County of Crawford, State of Michigan.

Notice is hereby given that a meeting of the Board of Registration for the next named village will be held at the town hall within said village on Saturday, March 6, A. D. 1909, for the purpose of Registering the names of all such persons who shall be possessed of the necessary qualifications of electors, and who may apply for that purpose, and that said Board of Registration will be in session on the day and place aforesaid from 8 o'clock in the forenoon until 5 o'clock in the afternoon, for the purpose aforesaid. Dated this 25th day of February, A. D. 1909.

H. P. OLSON,
Village Clerk.

Village Election Notice.

To the electors of the Village of Grayling, County of Crawford, State of Michigan.

Notice is hereby given that the next ensuing election for said village will be held at the town hall within said village on Monday, March 8, 1909, at which election the following officers will be chosen, viz:

One Village President.
One Village Clerk.
One Village Treasurer.
Three Trustees for two years.
One Assessor.

The poll of said election will be opened at 8 o'clock in the forenoon and will remain open until 5 o'clock in the afternoon.

By order of the Board of Election Inspectors of said village.
Dated this 25th day of February, A. D. 1909.

H. P. OLSON,
Village Clerk.

Levels Locals.

The Douglas Company shut down the saw mill Friday afternoon for a few days while they move camp.

Word was received from C. F. Dickenson, that he had sold to M. R. King 1400 acres of land around Big Creek, also 280 acres on sections 18 and 19 and lot 3 at Shoepack Lake.

The shingle mill started Saturday morning and is running full time.

J. V. Miller has sent in his resignation as assistant post master.

DAN.

Resolution of Condolance.

Whereas the Good Master has in His wisdom seen fit to call our esteemed Brother and charter member Fred Hoell from our Grange; therefore be it

Resolved, That while we realize our loss, we sympathize with his family in their bereavement, and may we also realize with them that, "earth hath no sorrows that Heaven cannot heal;" and be it further

Resolved, that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the CRAWFORD AVA- LANCER and Michigan Patriot, for publication, and a copy spread on the minutes of this meeting, and given to the family of deceased.

Grayling, February 20, 1909.

PERRY OSTRANDER
CARRIE FELDHAUSER
ELMER E. OSTRANDER
Committee.

No Orders Received After March 1st.

\$5.00 FOR \$1.00

No Orders Received After March 1st.

A great opportunity for instruction and wholesome entertainment such as has never before, is now within the grasp of every reader of THE DETROIT NEWS or SUNDAY NEWS TRIBUNE.

Nine Leading Magazines each for Three Months and One for Three Weeks—mailed to your home address ALL FOR ONE DOLLAR

Just stop and consider how every member of the family can be enjoyably and profitably entertained by taking advantage of this wonderful bargain in the best class of current literature made possible by The Detroit News exclusively for its readers.

HERE IS THE OFFER IN DETAIL:

Recreation

\$3.00 per year; 25c per copy.

The Great Outdoor Magazine.

Three Months' Trial Offer

Retail value 75c

Travel Magazine

\$1.50 per year; 15c a copy.

A Magazine that brings the whole world to the library table.

Three Months' Trial Offer

Retail value 45c

Youth's Companion

\$1.75 per year; 5c per copy.

The only paper that pleases the old and young.

Three Weeks' Trial Offer

Retail Value 75c

Eur McIntosh

\$3.00 per year; 25c per copy.

The Most Beautiful Magazine in the World.

Three Months' Trial Offer

Retail Value 75c

Cosmopolitan Magazine

\$1.00 per year; 15c per copy.

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PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

CHILD LIFE SHOULD BE BEAUTIFUL.

By Sir Oliver Lodge.

The ultimate object of religious training must be to encourage such ideas and habits as shall result in a happy childhood and a sound and useful life.

The first real gods of a child are his parents, however ungodlike they may be. And hence arises that feeling of security and nearness of protection and law which is one of the luxuries of childhood, and, I may add, one of the responsibilities of parenthood. That nation or colony which could insure that its children should spend their short and vital early years among healthy, happy surroundings suited to their time of life and state of development, and leading to a good, robust, serviceable manhood and womanhood—that nation would in a few generations stand out from amongst the rest of the world as something almost superhuman.

From my experience of the innate goodness of unspoiled humanity I have an idea that if children could be planted amidst favorable surroundings they would nearly all flourish and grow beautiful as plants do under right conditions.

No fraction of the world or of the individual can be thoroughly healthy and happy while any member of it is degraded and wretched.

BLUFF AND NOISE MODERN WEAPONS.

By G. K. Chesterton.

On most political platforms, in most newspapers and magazines, I observe that there are at present only two ideas, either to avoid controversy or to conduct it by mere bluff and noise. Evasion and violence are the only expedients. A man must be deaf to his opponents' arguments; he may be deaf and silent, and this is called dignity; or he may be deaf and noisy, and this is called "blabbing journalism." But both these things are equally remote from the fighting spirit, which involves an interest in the enemy's movements in order to parry or to pierce them.

It is part of that unchristian and even unilitary idea of bullying, of using bombastic terrors in order to avoid a conflict which is at this moment the highest terror of the tall hypocrites of Europe. Europe is full of the idea of bluff, the idea of cowing the human spirit with a painted panoply of physical force. We see it in the huge armaments which we dare to accumulate, but should hardly dare to use.

I do not like hovering and lingering threats of armaments nor do I like hovering and lingering threats of riot. If people want to have a revolution let them have it and let it have the advantage of a revolution, that of being drastic and decisive. But a mere parade of pos-

sible war seems merely a perpetual anarchy. Revolution creates government, but anarchy only creates more anarchy.

SOCIETY MAKES "PROFESSION" OF CRIME.

By H. J. B. Montgomery.

Many penologists assert that the professional criminal is a man whom it is hopeless to reform. They say that he finds in crime not only a livelihood, but exhilaration, sport, fascination. He is a beast of prey, who must be not only muzzled but caged in the interests of society. I have no hesitation in stating as the result of my experience that the assumption which underlies the arguments of the penologists is not only not correct, but is absolutely fallacious. The criminal who finds a fascination in crime has no existence save in the imagination of the penologist. The professional criminal has been made such by society. He is a prison product in the first instance, and when he is released from prison society gives him clearly to understand that his place for the future is with his own class—the criminal class.

Out of the light of my own experience I declare that men, even criminals, are not so hopeless, so callous, so incorrigible, so devoid of human feelings as the penologists would have us suppose. In every human being there are principles of good and evil, and possibilities of either being evolved. The easiest way, I suggest, to abolish the professional criminal is to cease manufacturing him.

HIGHEST FUNCTION OF THE CHURCH.

By Rev. A. H. Stephens.

The church must ever be the handmaid of law enforcement and stand aggressively for the suppression of vice and public immorality. The highest function of the church is to serve the community in which it is located, in its civic, social and religious life. It should feel its responsibility to present a higher type of life than is found elsewhere, less influenced by human prejudices and human passion, free from compromising entanglements and questionable alliances, exhibiting the purest form of social circumspection and political and commercial probity.

The community has a right to expect something better from the church than it finds in itself—higher ideals and more unselfish endeavor at their realization. In these respects the church owes it to the community that it shall not be disappointed, but that it shall experience the thrill, if not the surprise, of entire fulfillment. The church must seek the co-operation and allegiance of the contiguous populations, not for its own good, but for the good of those sought, ever teaching the lesson by example that it is more noble to serve than to be served.

SONG OF THE BY-AND-BY.

It seems so far to the happy day
When the clouds will leave the sky,
But 'tis sweet to hear, when the world
is gray.

The song of the By-and-By!

The hills and rills—they are shining
bright,
And our cares like phantoms fly:
An echo sweet in the lonesome night
Is the song of the By-and-By!

It seems so far to the happy day,
But its rest they'll not deny;
We hear what the angels sing and say
In the song of the By-and-By!

—Frank L. Stanton.

Clarence and the Code

Clarence had looked forward to the two weeks of holiday time through all the school months. But when Christmas had come, his brother, who was the messenger for the firm of Walwick & Waldon, suddenly became ill. "He'll be on his feet in a week," the doctor said, but in the meantime the poor lad was worrying about his place in the office.

"Can't I take your place?" asked Clarence.

Thus it was arranged and for the two days before New Year's Clarence ran errands and did everything that was asked of him. Just as the office was being closed the night before New Year's, Mr. Walwick called him and said that he expected to come down town the next morning although the office would be closed, and he wished Clarence to be sure and get the mail and place it on his desk and wait for him.

It was quite early when Clarence found his way inside the silent building. He had brought his skates with him, as there was to be a hockey game later, and there was to be the family dinner and the usual good time on New Year's afternoon. He carefully put the mail on Mr. Walwick's desk and sat down to wait. The janitor came and swept, but Mr. Walwick did not come. There was still plenty of time before the game, but the clock hands were slowly turning. Finally he picked up a magazine and turned over the pages. The hour when he should be playing came.

The game was on now, he knew. The office was getting chilly and he walked around from room to room. He looked at the clock. The game must have been over for some time and they would be expecting him for dinner.

He was getting cold and hungry. Strange as it was, when he began to give up hope the time seemed to go faster. Finally he curled up on a couch and went to sleep.

Dream after dream tumbled over each other, and in the midst of a wonderful hockey game, where everybody shat about eating hot dogs and cranberries, he heard a bell. He wondered what it could be and before he could ask he awoke with a start. Almost at his ear the telephone bell was ringing.

He jumped and took down the receiver. "Hello!" he shouted.

"Is this Walwick & Waldon?"

"Yes, this is Walwick & Waldon's office."

"Well, I hardly hoped to catch you. Take down this telegram and rush it through to Mr. Walwick."

"Calcutta, India, Jan. 2.

"Spike sugar Hardly new candle,
"Spielgel, Hocker & Sons."

"There, have you got that? All right. Repeat it. All right. Good-bye."

Clarence rubbed his eyes. There was the message written out, but what a message! It did not mean anything and it was dated a day ahead. He remembered hearing that Mr. Walwick lived in some hotel. He had seen the name some place. Oh, yes, it was on the magazines. There it was, The Albero. Like a dash he ran downstairs and jumped on a street car.

"Yes, what is it?"

"It's a message telephoned in, sir," he said and he gave over the slip of paper.

Mr. Walwick looked it over and quickly took a book out of his pocket, went to the hotel office and wrote a half dozen telegrams.

"That was a close shave," he said half aloud, and then noticed Clarence at his side.

"How under the sun did you happen to be at the office?"

"You told me to wait, sir, until you came."

Then he told the whole story, and when he had finished the head of the

"Well, here is the code book. You and your mother can look it up."

And this was what they read by looking up the words:

"Walwick & Waldon hereby promise to give Clarence Young the best education possible at their expense"—The Housekeeper.

DOMESTIC DESPOTISM.

European Flat Dwellers Subject to the Monomast.

The unfortunate American flat dweller who is subject to an all powerful janitor has one advantage over Europeans in the same fix, in that he has no "door opening" tax to pay when he leaves his home, says the Sunday Magazine.

The resident of Vienna who does not wish to be out of pocket must keep early hours, for after 10 o'clock he is taxed on entering his own house or apartment, or, for the matter of that, any house. The spiegel, or door opening tax, is not peculiar to Vienna, but is also found in other capitals of the continent.

The two million residents of the Australian city are practically imprisoned in their own strongholds from 10 o'clock in the evening until 6 the next morning. They may go in or out by paying the equivalent of four cents to the janitor, or, as he is styled there, the "housemaster."

Vienna is built on the flat or apartment house plan. Millionaires and working people alike live in quarters of this description. The houses are large, having five or six floors, with four flats on a floor; so it is not unusual to find upward of a hundred persons living under one roof. There is a common entrance from the street, and after 10 o'clock at night this door is bolted and barred. From 10 to 12 all that go in or out must pay the tax of four cents. After 12 the charge is doubled.

The tax must be paid every time one passes through the doorway without exception. One who has dined with a friend must, if he stays late, pay four cents to get out of his friend's house, and four more to get into his own. A telegram in the night requires the payment of the tax before the messenger boy can enter.

The housemaster also collects and keeps duplicate copies of forms, on which every individual in the house must report to the police his age, birthplace, and religion, his exact occupation, and other personal details that the Austrian authorities insist on knowing. Nor does the power of this important personage end even here. From the little guard room that he occupies at the foot of the stairs he sees everyone that goes in or out. He ascertains with amazing accuracy the amount of each tenant's income, the events of his family life, and the character of his visitors. His far-reaching power enables him to terrorize every servant in the house into entering his intelligence department, and thus he spies on the innermost life of the subjects in his five-story kingdom.

Thousands of people in Vienna live in such terror of the housemaster that, it is said, they never make an apple tart without giving him a taste.

"I thought it was very funny, but how could it be dated January 2, when this is New Year's?"

"You will have to ask your school

teacher to explain why, but you see the earth turns round the sun and it is the day after New Year's in India now. Each of the queer words in the message means a whole sentence when you look them up in a little book I carry. We call it a code."

"Responsibility.

First Little Girl (conversing at the school gate)—I can hemstitch and feather stich, and my mother lets me make art and write on paper.

Second Little Girl—That's nothing. I'm let go by myself to draw beer.

Manchester Guardian.

A matchless cigar may be lighted in some other manner.

THE DAILY STAR

OPINION

WANTS DOOR KEPT OPEN.

By Rev. Guy Arthur Jamieson.

And the door was shut.—Matthew xxv, 10.

The foolish virgins did not expect to find the door closed upon them. It was their own foolishness that resulted in this keen disappointment and in the story of their humiliation is suggested to us as a sad truth—that we may unconsciously, unwittingly have the door to all that is best and worthiest closed on us.

I think very few people purposely refuse to seek the best things of life. But indifference and neglect may become a sin, and close the door to life's best blessings. But these same persons may close the door on Christ, but there are lines of conduct that we may follow, and we never dream that we are raising barriers between ourselves and the best. There are certain things that we may do until we will no longer respond to the best thoughts and feelings.

Darwin tells us that in early life he was fond of music; found great pleasure in reading Shakespeare. But in after years he so concentrated his mind and soul on the investigation and study of nature that he lost his taste for music, no longer cared for Shakespeare. The great poet no longer made an appeal; the faculty of music became atrophied. He had no quarrel with Shakespeare or music; they had not changed. He still knew the one to be the greatest poetical genius of the centuries; the other one of God's avenues of speaking to man some of his best emotions and aspirations, and yet there was no longer anything in the soul of Darwin that responded to their appeal.

Unwittingly he had closed the door on Shakespeare and music.

SERMONETTES.

No man ever was convicted by scolding.

Daily bread is not sweet without daily duty.

You cannot work for God without love for men.

There is nothing resistless in the resistless life.

He only always is wise who ever is gaining wisdom.

The good we do is the best antidote to the ill we sue.

You cannot lift the world by pulling down your face.

An honest smile is worth ten million sunless sermons.

Sighing for a lost Eden will not make a new earth.

The double-faced man always is convincing—to himself.

Days are sacred in proportion as they serve high ends.

If your faith possesses your heart it will propel your feet.

Many an alliance with sin is hidden by a defiance of the devil.

The heart is dead when the smile of a child cannot stir its depths.

People with putty heads usually like to think they have brittle hearts.

The best way to worship the heavenly child is to give every child some heaven.

Whether earth shall be like heaven depends on whether heaven is in our hearts.

Some men think the only way to preserve the landmarks is to sit on the fence.

Folks who take their time from every clock are always sure the sun is on his schedule.

Many are soured on life because they have been trying to make its spice do for the bread of life.

You can teach a congregation to enjoy sermons of nothing but wind, but they will die of their education.

When a man steals the honey from his bees he tells himself that he will pay for it with the coin of repentance.

DON'TS FOR CHURCHMEN.

By Henry F. Cope.

"Be strong."—Eph. vi, 10.

There is such a thing as a sinful type of unselfishness; really, it is the most refined and elusive form of self-love. In days not altogether past it made a certain caricature of religion popular with many. It held up the pious ideal of self-abnegation and cultivated the clothed pleasures of nonentity and vacuity.

Many felt that they were pious because they purchased a future heaven at the bargain price of forgoing some present grosser pleasures. Unselfishness came to mean the emptying of the life of all its powers and present values, perhaps because an empty life would more readily float to the skies.

Manhood I protested against such piety and a virile unselfishness asserted itself. We asked could it be that our faculties are ours only to suppress them, that all life is but the long mockery of struggle with its own forces? So far as we could see, might not red blooded sinners be better for this world than ascetic saints?

Yet to-day many good and honest people are greatly worried over their irrepressible desire to make the most of their lives. They never rejoice in life in its richness and fullness; in reaching out into further powers, with out some qualms of conscience lest they are sacrificing the spiritual to the flesh and the future to the present.

Modern life has swum far away from the mystic religious ideals; it has rather become an onrushing rush for the best, richest, deepest that life seems to afford. In its search for pleasure, knowledge, and power it is but seeking to make more of the self, to make each life fuller and more complete, and to satisfy in some measure our common passion for more life.

Does this eager search for more life mean that we are becoming a grossly selfish people? Does it lay on each a compulsion to live for his own life alone? To some it seems to signify the full life for the strong at any cost to the weak; living becomes a great battle and every man's business concern and care.

Does this eager search for more life mean that we are becoming a grossly selfish people? Does it lay on each a compulsion to live for his own life alone? To some it seems to signify the full life for the strong at any cost to the weak; living becomes a great battle and every man's business concern and care.

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Buy the New Royal Sewing Machine

Equal to any made.

For Sale and fully warranted by O. Palmer.

That Puzzle

It Made Trouble in the Farnsworth Family.

When Daniel Farnsworth reached home recently, he found his wife and little Albert, busy over one of the many cut-out puzzles that the child had received for Christmas. The cut-out puzzle, as every one knows, consists of about 11,000 pieces of wood or heavy cardboard, that, when properly put together, form a square on which there is an attractive picture.

"What are you doing?" asked Mr. Farnsworth, seeing his wife and son earnestly bending over the component parts of the puzzle.

"Don't bother us, dear," replied Mrs. Farnsworth. "We're getting it. We have found six blocks that fit together."

"I should think," the gentleman said, with some severity, "that you were old enough to leave such things for children. O, I don't mean to insinuate that you are getting ancient or anything like that—but you're not a mere child any more. You'll admit that, I think. Haven't you any better way to put in your time? How about dinner? Is it anywhere near ready? I've got to work on a report I shall have to make to our directors to-morrow, and I want to have dinner early this evening."

"O, well, if you are going to be a bear, I suppose I shall have to run. Be careful, Albert, not to scatter the pieces we have fitted together."

While Mrs. Farnsworth was downstairs helping the maid to hurry the dinner, her husband watched little Albert, as the boy hunted for the elusive sections of the puzzle.

"Here," he said, leaning over and picking out a small block that was without shape, "this fits in here, doesn't it?"

He tried to put the piece into the place that he had indicated, but it would not go. Then he sat down beside little Albert and began to help him. Fifteen minutes later Mrs. Farnsworth called from the dining-room:

"Come to dinner. Everything's on the table!"

"In a minute," her husband replied. "Say, Albert, here's a piece under your thumb that belongs in this corner."

Albert tried to fit the piece into the corner his father pointed out, but it could not be done. Five minutes later Mrs. Farnsworth called:

"Are you coming to dinner? Things are getting cold."

"Yes, in a minute," replied the head of the house. "Hurrah! here's one that fits."

It really did, and Daniel Farnsworth got up with a look of triumph, saying:

"There's nothing very puzzling about this. Come on, Albert, let's go to dinner."

He disposed of the meal in short order, and without waiting to partake of dessert left the table. It was nearly eight o'clock when Mrs. Farnsworth, looking over his shoulder, said:

"Farn, it's time for Albert to be going to bed now, and I thought you had to prepare a report for your directors."

"Yes, yes," he replied, "I must really get to work at it. Confound this puzzle. What was it ever brought into the house for, anyhow? Albert, go to bed. Don't let me hear a whine out of you, either. You can work at puzzles during the daytime."

Albert reluctantly permitted his mother to conduct him to his room, and there, when his shoes had been taken off, she discovered that his stockings needed immediate mending. Forgetting her other troubles, she hunted up the darning implements and went to work. It was nearly ten o'clock when she put the stockings aside, and little Albert was sleeping peacefully.

"Daniel," she called, stepping out into the hall, "are you still working?"

"Uh, uh," he answered.

"Well, don't stay up too late. I am going to bed. I'm tired, and there's no company when you have to prepare reports, anyway."

"All right," Mr. Farnsworth answered.

It was 12:15 when Mrs. Farnsworth awoke from a dream in which she had seemed to see a great castle which had been built of cards suddenly tumble to the ground. As she sat up in bed there was a sound as of many small, hard particles being dashed against a wall, and then she heard her husband muttering in a way that frightened her.

"What is it, dear?" she cried, jumping out of bed and running to him.

She found him standing beside the table on which the puzzle blocks had been heaped, but they had all been swept off upon the floor.

"What are you doing here?" the lady asked. "I supposed you were in the library working on your report."

Mr. Farnsworth looked severely at his wife and pressed his lips firmly together, perhaps to keep from saying things which he might regret. When he could control himself he said:

"Don't you worry about my report. You don't have to prepare it, do you? Well, then, don't let me make you nervous. It's mighty strange that I can't sit up and work even in my own house without having to be cross-questioned. Go to bed and don't bother me. I have to stay up all night, I'm the one that has to stand it, am I not?"

"I don't need to suffer, do you?"

"Because she is cold and stormy." And the look that the landlady cast down to that end of the table would have concealed a red-hot stove.

STRONGER THAN HATE

By FRANK H. SWEET

"Halt!" The command rang out sharply and the figure skulking through the rice field hesitated. It was clad in the uniform of a common soldier. The man was taken directly to the tent of the commanding officer. "A deserter, your distinguished highness."

The officer looked up from a chessboard. He was a strong, handsome fellow, but with a hard face.

"You, Kurino?" he exclaimed. The prisoner smiled sarcastically. "Even I, Shithiro," he answered.

The other waved his hand impatiently. "You may go," he said to the sergeant, "I wish to speak with the prisoner alone a few minutes." Then, as the sergeant withdrew: "You understand what this involves? I will see that the penalty is paid to-morrow, morning at sunrise. But, greater than death, you have the disgrace of deserting."

Kurino threw back his head scornfully, his eyes flashing.

"That is a lie, Shithiro," he said, "and you know it. I am not a deserter. I am a Korean, and was seized and forced into your company unlawfully."

Shithiro's face did not change.

"You were seized on Japanese soil. Your name is on the roll, and you have tried to desert. That is enough."

"So it seems, but you know why I was on Japanese soil."

"To see the daughter of Lalo," slipped involuntarily from the officer. He bit his lips.

"Yes," boldly, "to see Nuyama, the daughter of Lalo, the great merchant of Miyoz. It was with her father's consent, and we were to be married in a month. It lacks but four days now. That is why I tried to get away, for you have prevented me sending any word."

He was silent a moment, then went on, contemptuously: "You could not harm me in my own country, Shithiro, for I am more powerful there than you here. So you took this way. You thought I could be removed from your path in battle, or perhaps in some other manner. I know Lalo and I know Nuyama, and they will not change. Nuyama has said she loves me, and she will continue to love me in spite of all that you and the world may do."

Shithiro's hand trembled visibly as he raised it to his eyes.

"You are mistaken, Kurino," he said at length, in a low voice. "I did not even know you were in my company until a few days ago. But, in this case," frankly, "I am glad, though, a note of doubt coming into his voice, "perhaps I shall not speak of your disgrace to Nuyama and her father. I may concede you that mercy."

Kurino smiled understandingly.

Shithiro saw the smile, and his face darkened.

In the guardhouse, with curious, unfriendly eyes no longer watching him, Kurino's scornful composure vanished.

This, then, was to be the end, not only of his political advancement in Korea, but of that sweeter possibility which he had won and must now lose.

The hours went by until the shifting light he knew that it was after midnight. Then the door opened and some one came in.

"Kurino," some one called.

Kurino sprang to his feet.

"Shithiro!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, I—I have been thinking it over, and it is as you say. Nuyama would hate me. Here," thrusting a paper in Kurino's hand. "It is an honorable discharge from the army. It will pass you through the lines. Now go!"

"What," incredulously. "You would let me go free?"

"Yes, yes," more harshly; "but it is not for you. It is for Nuyama. I—I love her, too. I would rather die than for her to think ill of me. Now go!"

At the door Kurino looked back involuntarily. Shithiro was squatting upon the earthen floor, gazing hopefully at a little square hole through which the light drooped.

Heard at Breakfast.

"I used to be a weather prophet in my home town," confided the now hoarse as he spoke a potato with his fork.

"So?" commented the comedian boaster, ironically.

"Yes, and every time I look at that steak it reminds me of a winter's day."

"How so?"

"Cold and raw."

"Quite clever. How does the coffee strike you?"

"That reminds me of a November day—cloudy and unsettled."

"Good. And do you notice that the landlady is watching us?"

"Yes, and she reminds me of a March day?"

"Tell us why."

"Because she is cold and stormy."

And the look that the landlady cast down to that end of the table would have concealed a red-hot stove.

Jarred Him.

A burglar broke into a Brooklyn residence and got away with a 50-cent stocking, a \$10 watch and a purse containing three or four dollars in small change completely overlooking a \$100 roll of banknotes in a jar right alongside of the articles stolen.

When he read an account of the burglary in the next day's paper and learned why he had missed the big roll of banknotes, he said.

"I ain't such a poor sign painter, Dick, but I have a sort of inner feeling that I might have set up in business as a detective," he said.

"Now wouldn't that jar you?"

Johnny Kay

By ROBERT VREELAND

Johnny Kay whistled blithely as he slouched off the fancy lettering on the billboard; the fact that he stood on a staging 60 feet above the street level did not disturb Johnny in the least; that he had roll of greenbacks with a total valuation of \$300 in his trouper's pocket did not trouble him either.

"A deserter, your distinguished highness."

The officer looked up from a chessboard. He was a strong, handsome fellow, but with a hard face.

"You, Kurino?" he exclaimed.

The prisoner smiled sarcastically. "Even I, Shithiro," he answered.

The other waved his hand impatiently. "You may go," he said to the sergeant, "I wish to speak with the prisoner alone a few minutes."

"Then, as the sergeant withdrew:

"You understand what this involves? I will see that the penalty is paid to-morrow, morning at sunrise. But, greater than death, you have the disgrace of deserting."

Twenty-four hours later was to see him steaming westward in search for a new field in which to ply his trade of sign painting, and Johnny Kay was very glad to feel that he possessed \$300 of good money with which to set himself up in business in a booming little western city that he had in mind.

As Johnny shaded off a letter he felt the staging tremble slightly as some one put a foot on the ladder below; Johnny looked to see who might be the intruder.

"Hello!" said the man who was coming over the side of the staging; he was a six-foot one-inch man, whom Johnny had never seen before.

"Hello!" said Johnny.

The six-foot one-inch man stepped close to Johnny.

"Got a bit of hard cash handy, my friend?" he asked.

Johnny saw a peculiar glint in the stranger's eyes; he noticed further that the shade of one eye differed very slightly from that of the other, so slightly that it was probably not generally noticeable.

"Thirsty?" asked John, putting a hand to his change pocket for a dime.

The six-foot one-inch man put out a strong hand and gripped Johnny's collar.

"I am in need of your roll," he said, briefly.

Being a decidedly undersized specimen of humanity, Johnny could not protest effectively against the grip of the six-foot one-inch man, and their position on the slender staging forbade any such protest which he might have attempted on terra firma.

"I am in need of greenbacks, and I want your little roll," said the six-foot one-inch man.

Johnny felt the hold on his collar tighten, then he was lifted from his footing on the staging and swung out; his feet wriggled convulsively for a moment and he looked down.

Sixty feet below he saw the brick pavement gleaming red in the morning sunlight, and for the first time in his 30 years of living Johnny's stout heart quailed. From some seemingly remote distance a low voice was commanding his attention.

"My friend, I am in need of your little roll; you are to hand it over and leave me 24 hours before telling your little story, or—"

The silence was oppressive. Johnny looked down again. The brick pavement still gleamed red in the sunlight; and it was full 60 perpendicular feet below. The man's grip seemed to be loosening on his collar. Johnny silently reached toward his pocket.

"You're a little duffer," said the man as he put Johnny down on the staging.

Johnny handed over his roll and spoke briefly. He did not whistle after the six-foot one-inch man had gone, still he considered that there might have been a genuine tragedy to be told of a sentence, advanced to the edge of the platform, extended his arm in an authoritative attitude, and, in a stentorian voice of command, cried out: "Let each man stand firm!" The effect was instantaneous. Each man stood firm; the great heaving mass of humanity regained its equilibrium, and, save the long breath of relief that filled the air, perfect stillness ensued.

"That," exclaimed the great orator, "is what we call self-government!"

Johnny stopped abruptly. "I am in need of your roll and I want your little roll," said the man.

One morning two years later Johnny Kay was laying gold-leaf on a big plate-glass window in the booming little western city to which he had gone and set up in business. A crowd stood outside watching the men at work and Johnny turned to the young man who was helping him.

"You're a small-sized parcel, but I guess I'm worth \$300 to Johnny Kay. And there's another couple of hundred salted down where I can get hold of it," he said.

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